

How to be Free

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Summary: This is How to Train Your Dragon in Astrid point of view.

How to be Free

**\*\*Hey, everyone!\*\***

**\*\*I'm new here and this is my first fanfic. Sorry if my English is not good, but I'm brazillian. I speak portuguese.\*\***

**\*\*So if I make mistakes, I'm so so so so sorry. \*\***

**\*\*I'd like to thank my aunt to review this story.\*\***

**\*\*Hope you enjoy.\*\***

**\*\*Love ya.\*\***

\_"\_This is Berk. It's twelve days north of Hopeless, and a few degrees south of Freezing to Death. It's located solidly on the Meridian of Misery. \_

\_My village. In a word: sturdy. And it's been here for seven generations, but all the buildings are new. \_

\_We have fishing, hunting and a charming view of the sunsets. The only problem are the pests. You see, most places have mice or mosquitoes. We haveâ€¦Dragons."\_

It's sunset. My mother is trying to convince me to help her make the dinner, but I don't want to. There is nothing I hate more than be treated like a house-girl.

I'm a Viking. I should be outside, conquering islands, fighting

enemies, but no. This is one of those days you don't have anything to do.

Then I hear people screaming. I look out the window and see Hoark warning: "Dragon Attack!"

Good. The distraction I needed. My mom runs outside with an axe. I catch mine and go towards the confusion.

The village was on fire again. I don't need to run so much to find the other teenage Vikings. When they see me, Snotlout already sends a teaser.

"Hey, Astrid. It's too hot here or it's you giving me all this heat?"

I roll my eyes. Ruffnutt must have noticed my displeasure, because I see a little smile forming in her lips.

Lately, the boys are trying so hard to stay with me and I don't know why. Am I beautiful? Well, I'm not ugly, but I have certain I'm not a beauty.

In fact, I'm a completely normal Viking girl. I have blonde hair, blue eyes, fierce, determination, great physical appearance. You know, normal things. But I have to confess I'm very feisty and stubborn. So why the boys idolize me? I will never understand.

A scream break the moment. Someone is saying "Fire!" It's our turn.

"C'mon guys." I incentive them.

Me and my friends Snotlout, Fishlegs, Ruffnut and Tuffnut pass by the smithy and go to the cask. We fill our buckets and run for the house on fire. When I turn around after pouring the water I feel an explosion of dragon lava right behind me. But I don't care. We're fine.

Our work doesn't end. There are other houses on fire too. I count the dragons passing by me while I run for the next house. 6 Nadders, 5 Gronckles, 1 Zippleback.

We put out the fire on at least other two houses when we heard another scream. Is loud and high. It's Hiccup.

He's running by the bridge followed by a Monstrous Nightmare. Did he think he could defeat him alone? So predictable.

The entire village stops to look at the scene. Hiccup runs behind a torch to hide him. The Nightmare breathes fire in the shelter. Stoick the Vast, chief of the tribe and Hiccup's dad attack the dragon to make him move away from his son.

The Nightmare try to breathe fire in Stoick but his "gas" finished. The chief don't fail. He hits the creature right in the nose, in the face. The demon goes away.

But one more thing had to go wrong. After all, it's Hiccup. He never walks by a place without making a mess.

The post falls in the middle of the square. To make things worse the torch rolls over the village leaving a trail of fire and destruction. Some nets that fastened dragons are burned and the reptiles fly away with our food.

"Sorry, dad." Hiccup says.

Stoick watches the confusion, disappointed with his son.

"Okay, but I hit a Night Fury." He completes.

Stoick grabs Hiccup by the back of the vest, taking out him of the others. The boy tries:

"It's not like the last few times, dad. I mean I actually hit it. You guys are busy and I had a very clear shot. It went down, just off Raven Point. Let's get a search party out there, before itâ€¦"

"Stop!" Stoick scream for his son, losing patience. "Justâ€¦ stop."

Hiccup lowers his head.

"Every time you step outside, disasters follows. Can you not see that I have bigger problems? Winter's almost here and I have an entire village to feed!"

It's incredible how in the worst situations Hiccup still manages to be so ironic. He goes:

"Between you and me, the village could do with a less feeding, don't ya think?"

Everyone gasps.

"This isn't a joke, Hiccup! Why can't you follow the simplest orders?"

"I can't stop myself. I see a dragon and I have to justâ€¦ kill it, you know? It's who I am, dad."

Yeah, totally agreed. Stoick sigh.

"You are many things, Hiccup. But a dragon-killer is not one of them."

He looks to Gobber, the Belch.

"Get back to the house. Make sure he gets there. I have his mess to clean up."

Gobber hits Hiccup in his right ear.

When they walk by us, the fellas don't miss the chance.

"Quite the performance." Says Tuffnutt.

"I've never seen anyone mess up that badly. That helped!"

Oh, c'mon Snotlout. Sometimes you have just to shut up.

"Thank you, thank you. I was trying, soâ€¦" Hiccup answer.

I'm the one who doesn't laugh, even when he goes home. Why would I do it? It isn't funny. Could it be that I'm the one with some good sense here? Hello. The village was destroyed. Again. The houses are on fire. We have buildings to rebuild, weapons to restore, people to help.

It's our work. Our business. We aren't dragon-killers yet. We're young, apprentices. Someday we go to kill dragons and make so many other things the adults can do. But not now. Now we've got to get back our tasks. It's our duties.

The village reconstruction is finished around the sunset. Our parents were called to a reunion with Stoick in the Great Hall. I have no idea what is going on.

I go to home to try to catch some sleep. I'm very tired. I leave my axe right in his favorite place: under my pillow. I know, is weird, but a Viking got to have prepared for any situations.

I rest my head on the comfort of my bed, but I can't stop thinking about the events of last night. The dragons burning everything, stealing our food, and it's all Hiccups fault. Well, not everything. The dragons attacking weren't his fault, but he didn't help anyway.

Why is he such an idiot every time? How does he think he'll grow up and kill a dragon with his explosive personality?

Hiccup always was different, but he wasn't so destructive when we're little and played together. There are few teenagers in Berk. We know everyone and each other. When we were six Hiccup and I stuck together. We did everything together. I even tried to stay with him for a time. But a soldier got to do what a soldier got to do.

I left him. Without giving any reasons, I left him. Of course I got reasons. I was growing up and had to train so hard to be what I am today. But it cost me many things: kindness, patience, candor, affection.

I hate to admit I hide who I really am or who I'd like to be in who I suppose to be. I try not to show that side of me so people thinks I have not weaknesses. But in fact, I have. I'm not perfect, no one is. So why is so difficult to me to admit it?

I don't cry. In this many years of training hard my eyes should to have learned there is no water in them. No lightness in my being. So I just sleep thinking in all this.

End  
file.